1168. i. 26.
2

A

Counterfeit Detected,

And juſtly Expoſed;

In Anſwer to the Remarks upon Dr. *Hancock's Febrifugum Magnum.*

Being

Some Hints for the uſe

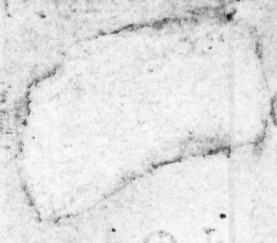
OF

One Mr. GRIER,

Who calls himſelf JAMES GARDNER. M.D.

K-

Printed for *A. Moor*, and Sold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*. 1723. Price Six Pence.



IT is reported as the ſaying of the Great Cardinal *Richlieu*, That a Man of Learning was allways a Man of Manners: The Cardinal was a good judge as he was a great Patron of Learning and of learned Men, and ſuch a Maxim is well worthy ſuch an Author. From hence, when I find any Writer Rude, Unmannerly, Outrageous, Abuſive, quitting or ſhuning the Reaſoning, and falling upon the Perſon of his Oppoſer, Railing and giving ill Language rather than Argument, or inſtead of Argument; I conclude, Not only that he has the woiſt in the Diſpute, and has a bad Cauſe on his Hands not to be Defended, But alſo that he is a Weak Half-Learn'd Uncultivated Creature, not able to Defend it if it were a good One.

Whoſe

Whoſe Head ill ſtock'd with Common Sence,
Supply's that want with Impudence.

This in a few Words is the Caſe before me, and it ſeems ſo abſolutely Neceſſary to the World to make it Publick, that I know no Work at preſent ſo Needful, or that two Sheets of Paper can better be employ'd in.

All the Introduction I think needful to this Work, is only in few Words to acquaint the Reader, that my Buſineſs at this Time is not to meddle with the Queſtion, I am not entering into the Debate, Vindicating or Diſputing upon what Dr. *Hancock* has advanc'd in his *Febrifugum Magnum*; that Part I ſhall refer to a Work by it ſelf; when I ſhall not think the Perſon now to be ſpoken of worth Notice, or to be ſo much as mentioned among the Learned Part of the World who bear their ſhare in thoſe Diſcourſes.

But I am now to rake in a Lay-ſtall, or Dunghill, *Pray hold your Noſes, for he will*

will ſtink grievouſly. I am to Detect an Impoſtor, give you the Anatomy of a Scoundrell, and ſtrip naked a Counterfeit; a Fellow that's juſtly aſham'd of his own Name as he ought to be of his Original. Has called himſelf by a Name his Mechanick Father was never known by, and as he Counterfeits the Science he was never Maſter of, wears the Cloths * he never Paid for, ſo he wears the Name he has no right to and the Profeſſion he has no knowledge in.

This Wretch who calls himſelf Dr. and writes *James Gardner* M. D. is well known to be Poor *Grier*, the Son of a *Scots Iriſh Pether*; and when he tells you with an Impudence peculiar to the Province of —— of his *Father's Coach Mare*, he ſhou'd have ſaid the Aſs Couchant that helped his Anceſtors carry their Packs about.

As for the Accademick Education he boaſts of, he ought to have confeſs't that having perhaps been taught ſome Latin

* *Query his Wife.*

in

in the Humanity Claſs, *Anglice* the Grammar School, and gotten juſt enough of the Languages to quallifye him to be a Pedagogue, the earlyeſt of his Preferment was that of an Uſher in a Country School, and that in *Ireland* too, where being withall very Poor, he went begging from School to School for his Bread, as is the Cuſtom in that Country; and in this Itinerate Study Conſiſts his Improvement in Learning; at length got to be a School-maſter in a ſmall Country Village, and aſſiſted there by a due quantity of Pride and Pedantry, he ſtarts out to *Dublin*, from thence gets to *London*, Conceals his ſcoundrel Original and Calls himlelf DOCTOR, *I ſay calls himſelf ſo*, for I find no Authourity produced for other Peoples beſtowing that Title upon him.

Here ſupported by his Front, and aſſiſted by the Common Infirmity of the * weaker Sex, he has Puſh'd himſelf into Favour with a Perſon who now we muſt call Wife; and with a very moderate

* Namely Matrimony.

Fund

Fund added to an immoderate *Front*, boasts of his Fortune in Print; a shrewd token of its Mediocrity.

In this Figure he has the Impudence to subjoyn to a Piece of Personal Scurility, an Address to the most Learn'd and best Experienc'd Body of Physitians in the World; and with an Inexpressible Audacity takes upon him to Reproach them with Indolence, and several other Defficiencyes, and Magisterially to Dictate to them from the Vacuum of his own Brain, what they shou'd do, or should not do in the Conduct of their Society, and for advancing the Honour of their Profession.

A like Instance of unsufferable Insolence from such a scandalous Fellow, and to such a Society, has not I believe been heard of in this Age; I think I may say tis without Example: But if it shou'd be without its due Punishment too, that wou'd be our Fault, allmost as much as the Offence is his.

In the Diſſecting this *Wou'd-be-Doctor*, It is meet that I ſhou'd Dip a little, not into his Arguments: For that as I ſaid, is not my preſent Buſineſs; but into his *Manner*; and indeed the trueſt Index of the Man will be found by this method, for nothing but an Half-form'd Education could come up to ſuch an unexampled ſtock of Vanity and Inſult.

And here as a brief Note, take an Obſervation of Conſequence, relating to what I call the *Manner* of this Libeller, (*viz.*) That he carry's in the very Front of his writeing, ſome of the moſt Eſſential never-failing Marks of a Quack, which he pretends ſo much to Expoſe; ſuch Marks I ſay, as no Quack that ever I met with was without, and ſuch as none but Quacks are allways attended with.

1. *As all Quacks do*, He is ever railing at Quacks; Firſt, he Exclaims againſt Quacks in General, then rakes the Town for the moſt Eminent Quacks he can find, and ſo with his natural Stock of

Face

Face brings who ever he thinks fit to Inſult with his Bullying Pen, into the Claſs of Quacks; not at laſt Excepting all the Regular Phyſitians of the College; eſpecially if they dare but write any thing about Phyſick in the *Engliſh* Tongue; tho' at the ſame Time he writes in *Engliſh* himſelf, ſee Pa. 7. of his Epiſtle: Thus the Mountebank attended with his Rope-Dancer and his Merry-Andrew,

N. B. The Firſt Jack-Pudding, if Fame lyes not, was a fellow of the ſame Education, *But that by the way.*

I ſay, Thus the Mountebank with his *Jack-Pudding*, and his Rope-Dancer omits not to begin his Harangue upon the Stage, with Complaining of the Ignorance of the Pretenders to Phyſick; and of the Injury done to the Poor, by Country Boneſetters, Old Women, and Nurſes. But that HE, *meaning his Learned ſelf*, after long Study, the expence of a Liberal Education, and many Years Experience in the

Practice of Physick, had stoop'd, meerly for the General Good of Mankind, to appear among them in that manner, Namely in the Honourable Figure of a Mountebank.

2. *As all Quacks do*, He falls upon the Licensed and Regular Physicians for keeping up the Credit of their Profession, upon the largeness of their Fees; making themselves uncomatable by the Poor, and Raising the Apothecarys Bills in Compliment to their Intrest; assisting thereby to the Exorbitance of those Bills, which joyned to their own Fees, makes the Health which the Patient wants, be too Deer for his Purse.

Thus the Glorious Mountebank Dr. *as above*, tells the Listening Croud, that they shall no more need to be impoverish'd by the large Fees of the Doctors, who must be paid for comeing in a Haughty manner in their Coaches, and who every time they Visit them, must have those Fees renew'd; or by the Extravagant Bills of the Apothe-

cary

carys whoſe Profits are as Exorbitant as their Medicines are inſignificant; but that the Cure ſhall be wrought by him without any of theſe; that whoever pleaſes to come to his Chamber, ſhall have his Advice for nothing, and if any of the Poor are Sick and unable to come, he will Viſit them for nothing; and as for his Phyſick, all his Pills, Packets, and Plaiſters are made up together ſo Cheap, as not to exceed the Price of a Shilling.

3. *As all Quacks do,* He Ranks himſelf among the Beſt and Ableſt Phyſicians, and boaſts not only of his own Learning and Experience, but of his Great Practice alſo; MY PRACTICE! ſays this Eminent Quack, (not worthy the Name of a Stage-keeper, and ſcarcely Eminent enough to ſee his Name upon the Poſts of the Bear-Garden) MY PRACTICE! Unheard of Arrogance! from a Strowling Pedant, whoſe Stock is in his Face, and who had never half ſo much practice as the *Unborn Doctor* of the *Spotted Horſe.*

Laudet te non labia tua, ſed os alieni,
Jun. et Tremell. Pro. 27. 2.

Thus

Thus the Mountebank again, ſuperior far to this upſtart, gives his Summons by Drum and Trumpet, to bring all the Country People about him, to hear the Detail of his own Praiſe; the Wonders he has wrought, the ſtrange Cures he has perform'd, and continues to perform every Day; with this difference tho', (as muſt be acknowleg'd) that ſome of theſe Mountebanks do really perform Great Things; whereas this ſham-Doctor has been but of Yeſterday; and except that he *keeps Stage* every Day at *Tarrant's*, the *Rainbow*, and *Batſons*, to blow up his own Fame, was ſcarſe ever Nam'd among Men as a Phyſician, nor has the hundred thouſandth Part of our *Engliſh* World heard of him; no not either by the ſtolen Name which he has given himſelf, or by the Original Name of *Grier*, handed to him by the honeſt POOR Creature his Father.

4. *Quack-like again*, He fails not to tell us he is Rich, pa. 8. of his Impudent Epiſtle

Epiſtle to the Phyſicians, *Indulgent Providence*, ſays he, has bleſs'd me with a Handſome Fortune capable to ſupport me with reſpect, independant of my PRACTICE.

Juſt thus the Mountebank above-nam'd appears with a Retinue of Servants, a Coach and Equipage, an Embroidr'd Coat, Diamond Ring on his Finger, *&c.* and Boldly tells the blinded People he does not come for their Money, he has *bleſſed be God* enough, but he comes meerly to do good, and that for this reaſon they may ſee his Medicines are rated ſo low; but juſt to pay for the very Drugs; the *Materia Medica* which they are made of; that they pay him nothing, all the Doctors Fees and Apothecarys Bills which he loads them with comes but to Six pence or a Shilling, that he being a Rich Man, does all for *Charity* and for *Gods-ſake*.

And, after all this Rant yet the Poor Mountebank would ſtarve but for want of his Stage, nor indeed but for ſtarving would any Man of Sence ſtoop to keep a Stage no not at *Batſons* it ſelf. And

But thus this Quack ſits Mountebanking at the *Rainbow*, to make himſelf a little known if poſſible, that he may get now and then a Fee; I ſay a *little known*, for to make him fully known would be to blow him up, and ſend him back to his Grammer Bridwell, to beat Latin at the School Desk as Whores beat Hemp at the Houſe of Correction Block; ~~for as~~ for his *handſom Fortune*, tis known both what it is, and whoſe it is, and tis not very hard to gueſs how long it may laſt.

I cou'd go thro' all the other Marks of *Quackiſm* with him, but theſe may ſerve for the preſent: I come now to touch the Ignorance, as well as Impudence of his Charge upon the Faculty; and how eaſily the Gentlemen of the College of Phyſicians might, *were it worth their while*, Refute his Cavils and thro' back the encouragment given to Quackiſm in his own Face, *I ſhall but touch at them.*

1. He ſayes no Nation whatſoever is ſo ſtupid as to give Encouragement to every

every ſilly pretender to Phyſick as *England* is; firſt of all he ſhou'd have included *Ireland* too, becauſe, *as he pretends*, Encouragement was there given to himſelf; but we may Object in behalf of *Ireland*, that we do not ſee it prov'd, that he ever had really any ſuch *Encouragement* there: But againſt this other Aſſertion of his, we might oppoſe the multitude of *High German Doctors* which the World abounds with, the Graduates of *Padua* practiſeing in *Italy* and among the *Swiſs*, and the like, but tis ſuppoſed he knows little of thoſe Parts of the World.

Next he Charges the Phyſicians with Publiſhing their Treatiſes in *Engliſh*, and Tranſlating Latin Authors into an *Engliſh Phraſe*; I cou'd make Merry with him on this Quaint Expreſſion, of Tranſlating *into Phraſe*, but he is below ſo juſt a Criticiſm; he has ſo good a Title to talking Non-ſence, that he ought not to be diſturb'd in it: It is the Honour of our *Engliſh* Phyſicans, that, for the Publick good, the Benefit of the Poor, and the enabling Charitable People

to assist one another without them; also for the Vindicating their own Practice, and for many other Reasons, they have not been asham'd to Unlock the Cabinets of the Antients; and to make the Practice of Physick speak *English*, as all other Sciences begin to do, to the Honour of Learning, and the Encrease of useful Knowledge among Men.

To Confine all the Needful Experiments, and Happy Discoverys in Nature and Practice, from the Common People, and make them be spoken of allways in an unknown Tongue; what is it but a kind of Popery in Physick? How much Happyer were it still, if all the *Materia Medica* were set free from the Fetters of *Gally-pot Latin*, and the Jargon of the Apothecarys Shop? Would this Depreciate the Practice of Physick? NO, far from it, this would on the Contrary be the best way to prevent Quacking, and Imposing on the People; to prevent Apothecarys Boys poisoning their Patients by wrong reading the Learned ill written, illegible

illegible and unintelligible Abreviations, of the Recepy's and Bills written by half-bred Doctors like himself; This very Thing which he thus Complains of for Encouraging Quacks, is the only just Step which our Physitians can take, Effectually to Destroy the abuse of Physick from among us, to root out Quacks, and starve such Emperick Doctors as himself.

How have the *French* improv'd themselves by this very Method? How have they made all the useful Labours of the Antients, as well in Physick as in Divinity and History, speak their own Language? By which, besides the benefit to themselves, they have put such an Honour upon the *French* Tougue, as that the Greek and Latin growing stale and Obsolete, they have bid fair for making the *French* be the Universal Language of *Europe*, as well as a Glory to their own Nation; all which this Upstart seems to know nothing of.

Next he falls upon the Physicans for their Exorbitant Fees *as above*, Charging them

with encouraging the Apothecarys in their Exorbitant Bills; but this raiſing Duſt upon ſo Honourable a Society, is ſo Scandalous, that it needs very little Anſwer: It is too Evident that this taking Large Fees which he talks of, would not be ſo much a Greivance to him, in it ſelf, could he come up to the Merit of ſuch Fees, or to hope for a Share of them; we do not find him at all Complaining of the many thouſand Viſits thoſe Gentlemen give to poor Familyes without Fees: How often and how carefully they examine the Ability of the Familyes when they take a Fee in places where they are doubtfull: and how often they return it; Things which I am able to bring ſufficient Teſtimony of, to the Honour of many of the preſent Practiſeing Phyſitions, as well in this City, as in the Country, both near and remote.

I Wonder he has not yet Charg'd thoſe Members of the College with Exorbitance, who at the ſeveral Diſpenſarys Sit two Days in a Week in Committees,

tees, and hear the Caſes of ſuch as pleaſe to come to them, without taking any Fees at all; giving their Advice for nothing, and often times their Phyſick too.

Has he look'd back to the Year of the Infection in *England*, 1665. when ſeveral of the moſt Able and moſt Celebrated Phyſicians of the College, ſtay'd in the City, Viſited the Sick both Poor and Rich, at the Hazard, and ſome of them to the Loſs of their own Lives? When the *Quacks* ran all away; and in the late juſt Apprehenſions of the return of ſuch a Callamity, did not ſeveral of the moſt Eminent Phyſicians *now in Practiſe*, Declare their Reſolutions to do the ſame? Does this Generous Compaſſion for Mankind Merit the Reproach which this Wretch Caſts upon them, becauſe thoſe who kno' how to value them, and are able to Treat them in a ſuitable Manner, do not put them off with the Fees of a Horſe Doctor, or a Mountebank?

Let *Mr. Grier* wait his Time; when he Equals their Merit, he may expect their Fees,

Fees; but the Age is too knowing as Things go now, not to diſtinguiſh him from a Phyſician: Let him Live upon the handſom Fortune he talks of, if he can; we have reaſon to believe he'll never get his Bread by the Practice of Phyſick, till he wants Teeth to Eate it.

But the main Quarrel at the Gentlemen of the College is, that they do not admit upon Eaſier Terms into the Society of Phyſicians, ſuch as he ſuggeſts are Quallifyed; meaning, perhaps *his Learned ſelf*, and his Freternity; at the ſame Time not refuſing to Conſult with Men Eminent in their Stations, tho not Admitted into the Society: and here he reflects Inſolently upon three Eminent Gentlemen, as Pretenders Only to Phyſick, becauſe Bred Surgeons; and yet owns their Worth in this, that the whole College of Phyſicians do not ſcruple holding Conſultations with them in Practice; as if the College were not as good judges of the real Capacitys and Merit of theſe Gentlemen as this Wretch; and as if after the College

of

of Physicians had thus Honour'd them, any thing he cou'd say would lessen them in the Eyes of the World.

Besides these Gentlemen happen to have a great deal of that, which he wants, not a little of; I mean Learning and Experience, as well in Physick as Surgery, and above all, *Modesty*; by all which their Reputation is Establish'd, and their Characters plac'd out of his reach, and out of the reach of his Scurrillous, Unmannerly treatment; His Railing at them, like the Dogs barking at the Moon, can have no Effect upon them; but in spite of his Rage and Envy, they *shine on*.

Mr. *Butler*, (who he would not have be call'd a Physician) after Passing the Examination of the Physicians for the Sick and Wounded in *England*, serv'd his Country in the Quality of Physician to the Forces in *Spain*, *Portugal* and the *West-Indies*, where, for 8 or 9 Years he had the Chief Care of the Hospital, and had seldom less than 500 of the Gentlemen of the Army, as well Officers as Soldiers, as well Sick as Wounded

ded under his Care at a Time; and this, as Physician, as well as Surgeon; this Gentleman now Practices as a Physician in *London*, and that with great Applause and Success; neither do any of the Physicians who have Consulted him, as they have frequently done, find any fault with his Practice or Prescriptions. Mr. *Sisteron* and Mr. *Douse*, the other two Gentlemen he attacks, were bred Surgeons; so much the better are they Quallifyed for the Study and Practice of Physick; and I never yet heard that a Physician was the worse for being well Skill'd in the Knowlege and Practice of Surgery; but on the contrary, tis a Glorious addition to the Character of a Physician; and some of the most Eminent Physicians in *Europe* have been accomplish'd and finish'd in their Studys by the knowlege of Surgery: Is any Man better Quallify'd for a Physician than he, who having first gone thro' a Course of Anatomy, afterwards sets himself apart to the Study of Physick? as a Divine ought to be a good Phylosopher, so

doubtless

doubtless a Physician ought to be a good Surgeon; and the knowlege of Surgery is so good an introduction to the Study of Physick, that tho' *it may be true* that a Physician may not always make a good Surgeon, yet it will for ever be true, that every Surgeon may, with application, come to be a good Physician.

I do not say a Surgeon is a Physician of Course, and in the Consequence of his Profession; but I say a Surgeon is by his Profession greatly Qualified for the Study of Physick. Now as neither of these Gentlemen Practis'd as Physicians *qua. Surgeons*, nor without a previous Application and setting themselves apart for the Study, before they enter'd upon the Practice of Physick; so the Success of their Practice, and the General Approbation they meet with, are Testimonys that they have not Studyed Physick by halves, nor have they had any Reproach cast upon them (that ever I met with) but by this *Irish* Counterfeit. I must confess I think, the knowlege of Surgery no more lessning to a

Physician, than the Character of an Honest Man is to a Gentleman.

But Rage and Envy possesses this Creature because no Body Employes him, who indeed no Body ought to Employ; let him rave and shew his Teeth.

In the next Place, He Cavils at the College of Physicians for suffering the Quacks and Pretenders to Physick to publish their Advertisements in the Newspapers; as if the Censors of the College were Messengers of the Press, Or that they cou'd prevent that, which the Ministers of State cannot; does he know that the Liberty of the Press is one of the Liberrys of *England*, in its Nature; and that, so Considerable that no Secretary of State, nay no House of Commons have yet entered upon the retrenching it; Especially where what is printed, is not a breach of the Laws either of God or Man.

But how came this *Grier*, who is but an old Woman in Physick, to set up to be a Director in Politicks? how wooden

wooden a Politition he is, let his Directions in that perticular Caſe Explain; he affirms it is in the Power of the Phyſicians to prevent this; *and how Pray?* why, by Repreſenting it in a Proper Light to the Parliament, to the Juſtices of the Peace for *Weſtminſter*, and to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, Very well ſpoken indeed *Good-man Doctor!* and if any old Woman in *London* cou'd have made ſuch a Recipe for the Cure of this Diſeaſe, made up of ſuch a Complication of Blunders, I will give up the Cauſe.

The Phyſicians are agriev'd at the Advertiſements, *&c. very well*, therefore they muſt Repreſent this Nuſance to the *Lord Mryor and Aldermen*; very good again; and *what can they do?* juſt as much as my Lord Mayors Great Horſe; and with ſubmiſſion to my Lord Mayor, what has he to do with the Advertiſements of a News paper? Suppoſe, for Arguments ſake only, his Lordſhip ſhou'd (tho' he knows better) ſend now to the Author of the *True Britton*, and tell him, that he

will not have *Stoughton's Elixir*, or *Sal. Volat. Oleos.* Advertised any more in his Paper; what Sport does he think that Author would make with such a Message? would he not answer, that *he was a Free Briton*, and the Press was open, and that he would put in all such Advertisements as came to him, the publishing which was no Breach of the Law, and that if his Lordship had any thing to Object, the Law was open, and he would Defend it?

Well, But then the College of Physicians must also Represent it to the Justices for *Westminster*; *and pray what would they say* in Answer? Would not they tell the College that it was out of their Power, that it was a Breach of no Law, and if they had any thing to say, they must get the Grand Jury to present the Nusance, and leave it to Prosecution in a due Course of Law, and that the Justices could not meddle with it?

But then it must be Represented also to the Parliament; Now as in laying this

he has ſaid all; ſo had the Parliament been Nam'd without the Juſtices and Lord Mayor, the Tale had had the more Sence in it; But his *Iriſh* Underſtanding diſtinguiſhes not between the Excecutive Power, and the Legiſlative: He ſends them to the Juſtices to make Laws, and to the Parliament to Execute Laws; Inverting the Conſtitution and making the moſt Inconſiſtent Piece of Nonſence in Politicks and Goyernment that ever was put together.

If there is any Law againſt Publiſhing theſe Advertiſements, why muſt the Parliament be troubled with it? if there is no Law, what has the Civil Magiſtrate to do with it? If there is a Law already, the Parliament (whoſe Work is to make Laws) have nothing left to do, if there is not, the Juſtices, and Lord Mayor whoſe Work is to put the Laws in Execution, have nothing to do in it neither.

But this Ignorant pretender to Argument, muſt Crowd Words together like Drugs in his Preſcription, whether he underſtand

derſtands their ſignification, or whether they have any meaning or no.

Wonder not then after all this Blundering, and Bluſtering, and Quacking, that you have the reſt of his filth voided upon the Reverend Dr. *Hancock*; after he has Damn'd all the Doctors for Quacks who have Written or Tranſlated any thing about Phyſick; no Wonder he makes all the Clergy Quacks too, and brings Rever. and Worthy Dr. *Hancock* in for a Quack only for the giving a due rate to St. *Antholins* pump, and recomending a Cup of Cold Water to the World; ſo Dreadfully apprehenſive is this *Iriſh* Man, at what he calls Depreciating the Practice of Phyſick, that he cannot but be allarm'd at any thing that ſhall look like putting us in a Condition to need no Phyſick.

How this Muckle-Headed Dr. can call Dr. *Hancock* a Quack, I know not; Adminiſtring Phyſick, I am told, may Denominate a Man a Quack, and there ſtand Clear Mr. *Grier*; but to call a Man

a Quack for directing us to take no Physick at all, *what's the Devil!* If giving us Fair Water makes a Man a Quack-Doctor, then giving us a good Piece of Mutton is Quacking, and Mr. —— the Butcher in *White Chappel* is as much a Quack-Doctor as any of them all; and then if a Butcher may make a Quack, our Doctor may make a good Butcher; and that's as fit a Trade for him as any I can think of.

The Truth is this Learned *Quack* has another Trade, which tho' meaner far than the Practice of Physick, yet he Performs every jott as Awkwardly as he does the other, and that is Pamphleteering, or rather *Lybelling* for Bread: But that which is Perticular to himself and shows inimitable Brass *is this* that he himself who reviles the College of Physicians with Publishing their Books *in English* has yet Published a Pamphlet in the *English* Tongue of the Nature and Quallity of *Tobacco*.

And

And tho' it be a most Weak Empty Thing in it Self, and Written in such a Rumbling Bumbast Stile (the very Language of a Quack) as would surfeit any one to read it, who was not furnish'd with a vast degree of Patience; yet it must be confess'd that after writeing such a Piece of Nonsence as that, no Man cou'd have thought he would have had the Face to have reflected upon the Physicians for Publishing their Labours *in the English Tongue*: But *Quacks* never Blush, and this *Coffee-House Mountebank* can be asham'd of Nothing.

FINIS.